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Editor and Publisher.

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# THE CITIZEN.

An Independent Weekly  
Devoted to the  
Interests of  
THE HOME, FARM, & SCHOOL  
50 CENTS A YEAR.

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## IDEAS.

Be honest in your talk.  
In cold weather blanket your horses while they stand.  
Evil for evil is brutelike; good for good, manlike; evil for good Satanlike; and good for evil, Christlike.  
He oft finds medicine who his grief imparts.  
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts.—SPENSER

## TAKE NOTICE.

A valuable new feature of THE CITIZEN is the "How" column started last week, and headed this week, "How to Keep Warm." Clean old newspaper at this office, 5c per pound.

The regular Monday lecture of the College will give place Monday to the third number of the Lyceum course, "the Phil Hunter Co." This company is composed of Phil Hunter, magician; Verne Moore, musician; and Carl Anderson, humorist.

## FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Col. Arthur Lynch, member of the British Parliament, was found guilty of treason in fighting in the Boer army, and was sentenced to death.

Mt. Pelee, Island of Martinique, erupted again Saturday at 5 o'clock, blowing away about 800 feet of the cone. As far as known no one was hurt.

Word is received from Rome, Italy, that the volcano Mt. Stromboli is again in violent eruption. The cone is concealed in a thick cloud of smoke.

Another Chinese revolt is threatened. The rebels, 10,000 to 50,000 in numbers, are already in possession of many districts and towns, and are now marching on Yunnan armed with modern rifles.

While Minister Bowen was negotiating with the representatives of the powers in Washington looking to the raising of the Venezuelan blockade and offering the Venezuelan customs as a guarantee for the payments of her debts, German warships opened fire upon the fort at San Carlos. The Venezuelans returned the fire and the battle continued for nearly two days with considerable damage and loss of life to the fort. This looks like bad faith on the part of Germany, but fortunately an early settlement of all disputes now seems certain.

## IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Judge W. R. Day has accepted the appointment as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court tendered him by Pres. Roosevelt Saturday.

The College chapel at Oberlin, O., burned to the ground early Sunday morning. Most of the valuables were saved, and the loss of \$50,000 is wholly covered by insurance. A new chapel will soon be built at a cost of \$75,000.

A treaty was signed Saturday by Secretary of State Hay for the United States and Sir Michael Herbert for Great Britain providing for the final settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute. This removes the last ground for difference between the two great English-speaking nations.

The treaty with Columbia has finally been concluded and sent to the Senate. By this treaty the United States gets complete control of the Panama canal and all property of the Panama Railway company. The U. S. pays Columbia a bonus of \$10,000,000 and an annual rental of \$250,000 for a period of fifty-five years.

## COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Contracts have been let for extensive additions to the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf at Danville.

The Kentucky Associated Press met in Louisville Tuesday with forty newspaper men in attendance and an interesting program.

The Baptist Seminary at Louisville has received \$60,000 by the will of the late Mrs. Porter Bartlett to endow a chair in honor of the late Dr. D. F. Porter.

Prof. Carl Myers, who has a "balloon farm" near Frankfort, claims to have solved the problem of aerial navigation. A model of his flying machine moves in any direction at the will of the inventor. Prof. Myers expects to win the \$100,000 prize offered by the St. Louis World's Fair for the most perfect flying machine.

## "GOLD DUST."

WORDS OF HOWARD W. POPE.

You may not feel the need of a Savior now, but the time will come when you will need Him.

The first step in becoming a Christian is to accept Christ, and this can be done in a moment. The second step is to confess Christ, and this can be done in a moment. The third thing is to obey Christ, and that will require all your life.

A Christian is one who has Jesus Christ in his heart.

Salvation is two-sided. On God's part it consists in giving, and on ours in receiving. But the gift is not a thing at all, but a person: and that person is Jesus Christ.

There is but one leading question at any time, and that is the question of one's relation to the Lord Jesus Christ.

## For Workers.

In doing personal work the first thing is to ascertain the position of the one you are dealing with.

In a tender way press the Scripture truths upon the inquirer in the form of questions, and when he realizes how far he comes short in God's estimation, urge the claims of Christ upon him, and if possible lead him to a definite acceptance of Christ then and there.

When you meet men's excuses with God's word the mouth is shut; there is no argument against that.

We take too much for granted in supposing that those who have heard the Gospel all their lives know how to become Christians.

The Holy Spirit is always convicting people of sin through the ordinary ministrations of the Gospel, and the Providence of God is always at work softening the hearts of men.

Hundreds of men have never had a direct personal invitation to accept Christ.

If people in increasing numbers are failing to come to church, we must carry the gospel to them.

## BAND CONCERT.

A Berea audience seldom if ever has had the opportunity of hearing such an excellent and varied musical program as that furnished by the College band Tuesday night. The band has done wonders under the very efficient leadership of O. M. Simpson, and shows what faithful practice can accomplish. They rendered all their numbers in true "Sousa" style. Miss Gamble, as soprano soloist, was exceedingly well received, having to respond to a hearty encore at each appearance. Miss Gamble possesses a voice of wonderful flexibility and range; her tones are clear and musical and her enunciation splendid. Miss Larry pleased her audience with her violin solo, but was especially at home and enjoyable in the 'cello numbers. She plays with fine expression. For our student and home talent Miss McKee in her reading, Misses Caldwell and Pilcher in a piano duet, Miss Ruddock in a piano solo, and Mrs. Hinman in her whistling added much to the variety and enjoyableness of the evening's entertainment. The house was well filled with an orderly and appreciative audience.

## OUR COUNTY NEWS.

Federal Judge A. M. Cochran has appointed Mr. D. M. Chenault as receiver for E. V. Elder, the Richmond merchant, who recently made an assignment.

The January term of the Madison county quarterly court is in session at Richmond this week. N. B. Turpin is the presiding judge.

The cannon and guns which were used in the Military department of Central University before the removal of the school to Danville, and which belong to the government, were shipped to Washington City last week upon request of the War department.—Pantagraph.

Last fall Madison county had fine prospects for an electric line, taking in Richmond and Berea on the route. When the franchises lapsed Jan. 1, 1903, those who have authority in the matter for some unaccountable reason refused to grant an extension to the company proposing to build the road. To our mind such a road could be a detriment to no one, but would be a benefit to the community at large, and to each individual. It is to be hoped that our officials will relent and grant the extension of the time for beginning the work.

## TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Supt. J. M. Literal, of Greenup county, has just spent a month in Berea, studying and teaching in the Normal department, and was obliged to leave because of his duties as superintendent at home. In bidding farewell in chapel he said:

Before leaving I wish to make a few remarks as to my impressions of Berea, impressions I have formed since I came here.

I have been impressed very much with the work at Berea ever since the first day I came. I think it is a wonderful institution. It is a place where any young man or young woman can get a good training. The spiritual influence here is good and wholesome and something that is needed everywhere. Not only that, but you have various departments where you may study more than you will find in the little Normal schools at home—as wide a variety as you will find in any college anywhere. Also, the teachers are men and women of character and influence, teachers who take an interest in their pupils. I never saw teachers take such an interest in students as they do in this place. I really believe they would go a mile out of their way and through a mud hole, too, for the students.

I haven't time to say much, but wish to say that I believe the institution here is thorough. One who completes a course here will be well equipped for life. And there is another striking feature that all young men and women ought to avail themselves of—not only the thoroughness and the good instruction, but the cheapness with which you can live here. Why, I really believe you can live cheaper here than at home, and get an education free—education here is a free gift.

## FUN AND FACTS.

**Hopeful If Vain.**  
Most of the men who own flying machines are holding them for a rise—Baltimore American.

**Ducks and Geese.**  
100 car-loads ducks and geese wanted. Highest market price paid. Will also buy pigeons. J. H. Neff, opposite Joe's, Richmond.

**The Public Need.**  
It was a bright reformer who said: "We want good men, and we want 'em bad!"—Baltimore News.

**Rare Opportunity.**  
D. B. Shackelford, Richmond, is now selling airtight heaters at cost to reduce stock.

**Shut Out.**  
Borem (stopping acquaintance)—"I say, old man, let me give you a pointer. 'I'—  
Knowem (breaking away)—"Don't want it—no place to keep a dog—don't like dogs, anyway."—Chicago News.

**For Sale.**  
House and lot on Depot street, Berea. Four rooms; good well. Call on or write T. A. Robinson, Richmond, Ky.

**Often Wasted.**  
A little advertising is better than none, but often a little advertising is wasted where a great deal would show a decided profit.—Architects and Builders' Journal.

**One Bucketful.**  
One bucket of coal will run a Moore's airtight heater twenty-four hours. Sold by D. B. Shackelford, Richmond, Ky.

## REPAIR THAT LOOM.

Berea College has secured a market for homespun and home-woven goods, such as bed coverlets, linen, dress linsey, jeans, blankets, etc., at following prices:—

Coverlets, \$4 to \$6; Linen, 40 to 50 cents a yard; Dress Linsey, 50 cents a yard; Jeans, 60 cents a yard; Blankets, natural brown wool or bark dyes, \$3 a pair.

White linsey and white blankets are not in demand only on orders. Coverlets must be 2 yards (72 inches) wide, and 2½ yards (90 inches) long. All dyes used must be old fashioned home-made dyes.

Any woman who wants to sell coverlets or homespun to Berea College should find out what the College wants before beginning to weave or spin. For information apply in person or by letter to

Mrs. Hettie W. Graham,  
Berea, Ky.



## WHERE ARE THE EYES

that are perfect in structure and function?

Not one pair in a thousand are free from defects of some kind. Some are so slight that the wearing of glasses is not necessary. In other cases the temporary use of

## EYEGLASSES OR SPECTACLES

will correct defects. A test will decide what must be done. It is made here free of cost.

We carry a large assortment of eyeglasses and spectacles and can fit simple cases immediately.

**T. A. Robinson,**

Optician and Jeweler

Main Street, Richmond, Ky.

## A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; \$1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## MONUMENTS.

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Your patronage invited.

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## GREAT BARGAIN SALE.

Of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Union Suits—TO REDUCE STOCK

Ladies' Union Suits	45 cents, worth 75 cents
Misses Union Suits	25 cents, worth 40 cents
Children's Union Suits	13 cents, worth 35 cents

For a limited time only.

**Bicknell & Early, Berea, Ky.**

## Madison County Roller Mills

Manufacturers Fancy Roller Flour

Corn Meal Ship Stuffs Crushed Corn, Etc.

Our "GOLD DUST" Roller Flour will be hard to beat

"PRIDE OF MADISON" is another Excellent Flour

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## THEODORE, JR.

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**Duroc Jersey Boar**



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Day Phone, 73. Night Phone, 47, 66. **JO. S. JOPLIN, Richmond, Ky.**



## HOW TO KEEP WARM.

## Value of Newspapers as a Protection Against Cold.

Few people know that by the use of newspapers they can keep warm in cold weather when without it they would suffer, says a writer in the Washington Post. Several sheets of paper pinned to the inside of a man's or boy's vest before putting it on and another part of several thicknesses worn under the vest when going out into the cold will take the place of an overcoat to the poor man who has none and will furnish as much warmth.

Many poor families have not bed-clothing enough in winter to protect them from cold during extremely cold nights. Such families can make themselves perfectly comfortable by spreading three or four newspapers between the scant bedclothing they have. They will be agreeably surprised to find that the papers are equal to the heaviest blanket in excluding the cold. If people generally understood the merits of this simple remedy and practiced it, there would be less sickness and fewer cases of consumption. Men and women frequently stand for hours about the market, at the depots or other places, exposed to severe cold or drafts of air, and before they are aware of it have contracted a cold which terminates in consumption and death.

Newspapers under the vest or wrap when thus exposed will nearly always prevent taking cold. The newspaper is a nonconductor of heat and when placed over the stomach preserves the supply of what has been called the reservoir of heat in the body. It would seem probable that these suggestions were already known by almost every well informed person in the country, but in fact very few have ever tried it. The public schools of the country should teach the children these and kindred rules for their comfort and health, for by their use great suffering would be avoided.

## How to Whiten the Neck.

To whiten the neck and remove the "brown band" made by wearing the velvet ribbon, try this: Take a wineglassful of lemon juice and one of eau de cologne; scrape into this two cakes of the best brown soap. Stir over a slow fire till the soap is melted. Then pour it into a mold to harden. Wash the neck with this, and the mark will soon disappear.

## How to Serve Cheeses.

Cheese may be made into souffles, ramekins, omelets, etc., and served before the dessert, or with crackers, wafer biscuits, or celery with a salad before a hot dessert or after the dessert. Cheese fingers and cheese straws are served with the salad. A Stilton or Chester cheese is cut in half and one part wrapped in a napkin and served. Roquefort and Gorgonzola are cut in large slices from the cheese and served in a folded napkin. The American dairy cheese is cut in small cubes of equal size, while the soft cheeses—Brie, Neufchatel, etc.—are unwrapped from the tinfoil and scraped before serving. Place on lace paper. Pass fresh butter, wafer biscuit or the celery with the cheese.

## How to Clean Plated Articles.

Electro plated spoons, etc., will soon become tarnished when not in constant use. Clean them with a piece of flannel dipped in vinegar and then in plate powder, rub well and afterward polish with a leather, when all marks will be removed. Egg and salt spoons may be treated successfully in this way.

## How to Care For Silver.

Any kind of silver in daily use may be cleaned by immersion in strong borax and water for two or three hours. The water should be boiling when the borax and silver are put in. After the plate is dry rub with a little plate powder and polish with cloths. If silver ornaments in the drawing room are not kept in a case, they soon tarnish. They can be brightened by dipping the articles in a strong solution of ammonia and hot water. Silver should never be rubbed with flannel or cotton cloth. The plate not in general use should be wrapped carefully in tissue paper to exclude light and air, as these are the two factors that cause silver to become tarnished.

## How to Treat Perspiring Hands.

If your hands perspire too freely, add a few drops of tincture of myrrh to the water in which you rinse them after washing. Then dry thoroughly, and dust with borax powder or oatmeal. It is an excellent plan to keep a box of oatmeal on one's washstand and make it a regular habit to dust a little over the hands every time after washing. Then rub well with a dry towel.

## How to Clean Chatelaine.

A weak point in the much worn steel embroidered chatelaine bags is that, once tarnished by dampness or salt air, their brightness cannot be restored. A suggestion for the improvement of tarnished steel work is to use burned alum. Burn some alum and pound it fine and sift through coarse muslin; apply dry with a soft brush. Powdered burned alum can be bought at a drug-store. Emery powder well rubbed on will often remove small spots of tarnish on steel. Either application needs thoroughness in using.

## How to Stop Hinges Creaking.

Creaking can be quickly cured by dropping a little oil on the hinges or a little bit of vaseline does equally well. Black lead is another excellent remedy, and places that can't be got at with an ordinary brush can generally be reached with a black lead pencil.

## How to Make Corks Fit.

If a cork should be too large for the neck of a bottle, drop it into boiling water for three minutes, and it will be found to fit quite easily.

## HIS TROUBLES.

He took a bottle up to bed.  
Drank whisky hot each night,  
Drank cocktails in the morning,  
But never could get tight.  
He shivered in the evening  
And always had the chills;  
Until he took a bowl or two,  
But he never blamed the booze.

His joints were full of rheumatiz,  
His appetite was slack,  
He had pains between his shoulders,  
And chills ran down his back.  
He suffered with insomnia,  
At night he couldn't snooze;  
He said it was the climate,  
But he never blamed the booze.

His constitution was run down—  
At least that's what he said—  
His legs were swelled each morning,  
And he often had swollen head.  
He tackled beer, wine, whisky,  
And if he didn't fuse  
He blamed it to dyspepsia,  
But he never blamed the booze.

He said he couldn't sleep at nights,  
And he always had bad dreams;  
He claimed he always laid awake  
Till early sunrise beams.  
He thought it was malaria—  
Alas, 'twas but a ruse;  
He blamed it on to everything,  
But he never blamed the booze.

His liver needed scraping,  
And his kidneys had the gout;  
He swallowed lots of bitters  
Till at last he cleaned them out.  
His legs were swelled with dropsy  
Till he had to cut his shoes;  
He blamed it to the doctors,  
But he never blamed the booze.

Then he had the tremens,  
And he tackled rats and snakes;  
First he had the fever,  
And then he had the shakes.  
At last he had a funeral,  
And the mourners had the blues,  
And the epitaph they carved for him  
Was,  
"He Never Blamed the Booze."  
—Saxby's Magazine.

## WHY WOMEN DRINK.

## King Edward's Doctor Talks of Causes and Cures.

Sir Thomas Barlow, one of King Edward's physicians, addressed a crowded audience of ladies recently in London on the present day dangers of intemperance among women and the best methods of meeting them.

Lack of occupation, worry, bodily weakness and the nagging pains which women have to suffer he mentioned as some of the causes. Cases of heredity were rare. The encouragement of example in youth was more often a cause. Drink might become a disease, but it started as an indulgence.

Drugs, shampooing, galvanic treatment were all described as of little use as cures. Rest and the removal of the cause were the only real remedies.

Even doctors and nurses were foolish enough to say, "Why deprive them of the thing which gives them comfort?" It was necessary to stop that damnable thing. It could be done provided there were no friends who were such criminal lunatics as to smuggle in alcohol. Let them have teetotal doctors and nurses.

Pessimists said that women could never be reclaimed. That was all rubbish. There was great danger of relapse, but the conditions were responsible.

Dr. Barlow having dealt with the medical aspect, the bishop of London said he had had case after case of character and life spoiled among the rich by alcohol and morphia. Turning to the east end, which he knows so well, the bishop said that out of 1,000 women in an east end workhouse today 500 were there from alcohol. Ninety per cent of women with children in a workhouse infirmary were there through alcohol. He read a letter from a lady working in the east end who begged him to mention the spirit clubs held in factories among the girls.

Among the causes of drunkenness Dr. Ingram placed worry, poverty and "the sty which makes the pig." Therefore, drink was bound up with the housing question and with seeing that proper wages were paid.

## WISDOM FROM CANADA.

## Some Good Advice by an Editor Across the Border.

The value of prohibition when reduced to its lowest terms is what? Is the question answered effectively, says the New Voice, by the Montreal Daily Witness, Independent. It notes the support of prohibition on the part of men who are themselves not total abstainers and then says with particular reference to the Ontario campaign:

These people know well that for one who would become a drunkard if to do so it was necessary to make a practice of surreptitious drinking there are fifty who do so under the publicly sanctioned attractions of the social glass at the bar. Let it be granted that the drunkard would still find liquor. Let it be granted that secret liquor dives would be known to the initiated and that nasty people would secretly peddle to nasty people bad whisky concealed about the person, say in belts and corsets. Let it be granted that the recognized traveler would still get his winks as to what cellar door to go through. Are we to suppose that men with human dignity would demean themselves to such outlawed and degraded methods to the determined purpose of acquiring habits thus proclaimed by the common sense of most to be perilous to life and happiness and to the public good?

As a matter of fact, they do not. In countries where prohibition is enforced there are no doubt always some who have become so enslaved that they will satisfy their craving by any process; there are sure to be mischievous boys who will enjoy the adventure of an illicit picnic behind the barn once in a lifetime; there are always men who like to drink just because the law condemns it, but thousands on thousands of tempted men by the absence of the tavern escape temptation, and hundreds of thousands of boys grow up never having seen liquor or a drunkard. The number who become drunkards after having reached years of discretion without learning to drink is naturally small. They have learned that drink is unnecessary to their happiness and well-being; they have learned to appraise the mischief it is capable of doing, and they are under no temptation at all to begin its use. It is sheer nonsense to suppose, as is a matter of experience, it is not true, that drinking is the same curse where the sale is effectively forbidden as where the tavern is a public and recognized institution. Every employer, every solicitous mother, every magistrate knows otherwise.

## RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

## Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

The only hope to be saved from everlasting suffering is to accept the offered mercy of God in this life and repent of all sin.—Rev. Dr. Holderby, Presbyterian, Atlanta, Ga.

## Christ Relieves All Burdens.

There is not a galling of the yoke or a pressure of the burden but can be relieved by a consistent application of the teaching of Christ.—Rev. F. E. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago.

## Follow Where Christ Leads.

If we go astray, it shall not be for lack of a bath, but for not following where Christ leads. We are simply to go forward to Christlikeness.—Rev. Mr. Helms, Methodist, Worcester, Mass.

## Nearness of God and Man.

Of all creeds that have been founded since the beginning of the world the Christian religion is the only one that overcomes the sense of distance between God and man.—Rev. Dr. Brady, Episcopalian, Philadelphia.

## Unstable Christianity.

A Christianity which is not rooted is always unstable; a Christian love that has not penetrated into the depths is not a love of a permanent or enduring character. It is more like a bubble.—Rev. Dr. MacLaurin, Reformed, Rochester, N. Y.

## Supplies Utmost Need.

Christ supplies our utmost spiritual need. In him alone there is satisfaction. In him we have the inheritance, incorruptible, undimmed and that fadeeth not away. If Christ be ours, if our faith be rooted and grounded in him, all things are ours and we are Christ's.—Rev. S. G. Neil, Baptist, Philadelphia.

## Ministering Unto Others.

If a man would believe in his fellow men, if he would believe in society and the possibilities of human nature, if he would believe in God, he must approach his duties in the spirit of the Master when he said, "I come not to be ministered unto, but to minister."—Rev. Dr. George L. Perin, Universalist, Boston.

## Being Right With God.

If right with God, there is comfort in the thought of a final reckoning of all accounts, when and where all wrongs shall be righted. If right with God, you cannot be wrong with anything or anybody. If not right in relation to God, you are out of relation to everything and to everybody.—Rev. N. H. Lee, Methodist, Denver.

## Responsibility For Thoughts.

A man is as responsible for his thoughts as his actions. In fact, a man's actions are but his embodied thought. Wrong doing feeds on wrong thinking. Coarse thinking is the nearest of kin to coarse actions. Right thinking about Christ brings right thinking about every relationship of life.—Rev. Dr. Harlan, Brooklyn.

## Righteousness Pays.

There is no greater folly conceivable than that of imagining that unrighteousness pays more than righteousness. The history of the world is against it. Reason is against it. It is the righteousness of the world that makes unrighteousness of seeming advantage.—Rev. Dr. Raymond, President Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

## Active and Devoted.

Christ was an example of religious devotion. We find him going to the temple. He was also an example of religious activity. We find him doing good. Some people are devoted Christians, but they are not active. Others are active, but not devoted. Christ was both active and devoted.—Rev. Dr. Meeley, Methodist, Brooklyn.

## Test of Experience.

The only way to test the power of Christ to forgive sins or the efficacy of prayer is to comply with the conditions which God has laid down and put them to the test of experience. Whether faith in Christ can give strength in trial, impart patience in suffering, fill the soul with peace, can only be settled by each one for himself.—Rev. Dr. McCullagh, Presbyterian, Worcester, Mass.

## Built on Solid Foundation.

If the kingdom of Jesus Christ had been built on physical facts and wealth, it would pass away, but it has a solid foundation and will grow and is growing. We are not blind to the sin about us; we are not blind to the awful sins, whose doors are open to destroy all who enter; we are not blind to the sins which are fighting for the vantage ground, but where the teachings of Jesus Christ are spreading, where right is coming to the front, things are becoming better.—Rev. E. E. Wilson, Methodist, Akron, O.

## Dream of Righteousness.

There is the dream of righteousness. This is the dream of moral sentiment, and, pursuing it, man becomes a Christian. So long as this hunger for something better further on is a passion and the days are full of zest and fresh feeling, so long manhood is safe and the life waxes in strength, but when these ideals are dimmed, when their outlines lose clearness, then peril draws near. Oftentimes this deterioration is unconscious. The soul lives by the divine manna that falls from heaven.—Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

## Favors and Obligations.

There are no favors in God's world but involve also greater obligations. Each privilege we enjoy means another duty. Every power we obtain imposes upon us some new responsibility. There is no such thing as equality in life. Nature did not fashion all flowers and trees alike. Its beauty consists in its variety of form and color, in its contrasts of high and low, of strong and feeble. Neither are all men molded alike physically or intellectually; otherwise human existence would be bereft of all charm, of all ambition.—Rev. Kaufman Kohler, Hebrew, New York.

## THE HOME.

## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Last week, boys, I wrote for the girls, but this week the "Home" column is just for you, for I believe the men folks have quite as much to do with the home as the women have.

What do you boys think of a fellow who doesn't stand by his friends or who would fire into a crowd without stopping to see whether they were friends or enemies? Pretty mean sort, isn't he? But I'm afraid that is just what each one of you has done many times over and that you have hurt or killed a number of your best friends—friends who were working faithfully to help you and never asking a cent for it.

Don't be angry that I should charge you with so mean a thing, but let me prove to you that it is true. You are all farmers' boys and depend for your living on the success of your crops. Wouldn't you call any one who helped you with your crops a friend, especially if he saved it from a threatening enemy?

What are the worst enemies a farmer has? Not fire nor flood nor a bad season, but weeds and insects, without doubt. Now the next time you see a bird don't pick up a stone first thing. He may be one of your best friends who is saving you lots of hard work with the hoe next summer by eating up the weed seeds this winter. And when the birds come back from their winter homes, don't be too suspicious of them, even though you may find them in the garden or cornfield or flying among the fruit trees. They may be after some insects which would be after your crops if your friends, the birds, did not eat them for breakfast. At any rate don't throw a stone until you are sure whether they are robbers or friends.

Our generous old Uncle Sam who is always such a good friend to the farmer thinks this knowing our bird friends a matter of such importance that for several years he has had men at work examining the stomachs of thousands of birds to see what they really do eat. Any boy may know what these scientists have found out by addressing a letter to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and asking for Bulletin No. 54, some common birds in their Relation to Agriculture. It will be sent free and contains many pictures.

While you are writing, you might also ask for Bulletin No. 141, Poultry Raising on the Farm. Your mother will like that. For your father get Bulletin No. 136, Earth Roads; for your big brother, Bulletin No. 109, Farmer's Reading Courses; for your sister, Bulletin No. 154, The Home Fruit Garden. You can have a little agricultural college of your own this winter, and Uncle Sam will furnish you all the free text-books you can study.

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## THE SCHOOL.

## WHAT BECAME OF DICKY?

Helen had a red squirrel which was so tame that he was allowed to run about as he pleased.

"That squirrel will get to be a nuisance," said Helen's father one day. "He was biting off lettuce and radishes this morning."

"We live so near the woods," replied her mother, "that I expect every day he will join his brothers there."

That afternoon Helen was sitting on the steps with Dicky when a strange boy came along. He stopped and looked at the squirrel, which was perched on Helen's shoulder, eating a bit of cake.

"Why don't you keep that squirrel in a cage?" asked the boy.

"I haven't any," replied Helen.

"I have. It's a real squirrel cage, with a wheel to it."

"That's nice," said Helen. "What kind of a squirrel have you?"

"I haven't any at all yet," said the boy, looking hard at Dicky. "But I'm going to get one. Won't you give me yours, as you haven't any place to keep it?"

"Why, no, indeed!" exclaimed Helen, putting Dicky in her pocket with all possible speed.

"He'd just like that wheel," persuaded the boy, coming nearer as Dicky poked his sharp little nose from Helen's pocket.

"He'd much rather run as he does now," said Helen decidedly.

"Well," said the boy, "if I should find a squirrel running around loose anywhere I should catch him and put him in my cage. I could not tell whether it was your squirrel or not. They all look just alike." Then he went off whistling.

"He never shall catch you, Dicky!" cried Helen, hugging her pet. "You mustn't go out of this yard again, ever."

But the little squirrel was so lively it was impossible to know where he was all the time.

One day Mr. Peters, who lived across the street, called to Helen. "What'll you take for the squirrel of yours?" he asked.

"I don't want to sell him."

"I know where you can get a quarter for him."

"I don't want to sell him."

"I'll give you fifty cents," urged Mr. Peters.

"I don't want to sell him."

"Now, see here, folks don't want their half-ripe peaches picked off and their bunches of grapes pulled to pieces. They won't stand it, either. You'd better sell him to me."

Helen shook her head and ran home. She hardly allowed Dicky to leave the house that day, and took him to bed with her at night. She waked often and felt his fur near her;

GEO. W. LOOMIS.

(To be continued.)

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 22-24. Memory Verses, 28, 29—Golden Text, Acts xvii, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.) 22, 23 I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship I declare unto you.

The Thessalonian persecutors followed the apostles to Berea and stirred up the people against them so that Paul went on to Athens, leaving Silas and Timothy at Berea. Those who conducted Paul to Athens brought back word to Silas and Timothy to follow quickly, which they did. While Paul waited for them, seeing the city wholly given to idolatry, he did not fail to preach Jesus and the resurrection in the synagogues and in the market as he had opportunity. So they brought him to Mars hill, the Areopagus, and asked him to tell them of this new doctrine; hence this discourse in which he speaks of their great religiousness and takes as his topic the inscription on the altar to the unknown God.

24, 25 God that made the world and all things therein . . . giveth to all life and breath and all things.

He takes them to the first verse in the Bible, they being probably wholly ignorant of the Scriptures, and tells them of one who made sun, moon and stars, the mountains and the sea and all living creatures and therefore needs not be propitiated nor any gifts from man, seeing that He Himself gives to all creatures all that they possess or need. In one of the oldest portions of the Bible we read that "in His hand is the soul of every living thing and the breath of all mankind" (Job xii, 10), yet there are many who possess the Bible who do not seem to believe this and act as if God required something from them before He would do anything for them. They do not know Him as the one who "giveth to all," who "gave His only begotten Son."

26-28. And hath made of one blood all nations of men . . . for in Him we live and move and have our being.

The great Creator and sustainer of all things wants us to know Him and reveals Himself sufficiently in nature to make people want to know Him better (Rom. i, 20, 21), and where people are living up to the light they have and earnestly desiring more, as in the case of Cornelius and the queen of Ethiopia's treasurer, God will take means to enlighten them. His nearness to us is strikingly described in Rom. x, 6-10, but there it speaks of those who have His word and in verses 14, 15, raises the question of how can those who have not His word hear it unless some one take it to them.

29. For as much then as we are the offspring of God we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and man's device. Since God created us, how can the things which we make be our gods? The folly of worshipping idols is fully and simply set forth in Isa. xl, 18-20, and elsewhere in the prophets. But what shall be said of the church of today, which seems to put such trust in idols of men and metal rather than in the living God? Is not the cry heard, "If we had the man or the men or if we had the money, how much we might do! Whereas the Spirit of God says, 'There is none that calleth upon Thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee.' 'The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts' (Isa. lxi, 7; Hag. ii, 8). If the church would trust in Him and not in men nor man's wisdom nor man's works, He might have opportunity to fulfill to her II Chron. xvi, 9; Mal. iii, 10.

30, 31. But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained.

God is long suffering, not willing that any should perish, therefore, for the time, passing over much that deserves punishment, although the sinner, because of the hardness of his heart and his natural enmity to God, takes advantage of His mercy only to do worse (II Pet. iii, 9; Eccl. viii, 11). The book shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccl. xii, 14), and this is abundantly confirmed in the New Testament. Our Lord often spoke of the judgment to come (Matt. vii, 22, 23; xl, 22, 24; xli, 36; xxv, 34, 41, 46) and also said that the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son (John v, 22). I do not find in Scripture that which some speak of as a general judgment and a general resurrection of all, good and bad, at the same time; but I do find that the dead in Christ shall rise first, a thousand years before the unrighteous, and that our Lord calls the first resurrection of the just (I Thess. iv, 16; Rev. xx, 5, 6; Ps. i, 5; Luke xiv, 14). The judgment of all believers for their sins is past on Calvary (John v, 24; Isa. xliii, 25). Their judgment for service will be at the judgment seat of Christ at the first resurrection.

32-34. When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter.

They had their gods and heroes and great leaders, but that one had risen from the dead was folly in the sight of their wisdom, simply an impossibility; so they turned away, having heard enough of such nonsense, and Paul, having borne faithful testimony, turned away from them. But his testimony was not in vain, for some believed, both men and women, and that is all we can expect in this age of gathering out of the church. There is comfort in John vi, 3—"All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me" etc.

## CHICKAMAUGA.

By Captain F. A. MITCHELL.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

## RATIGAN'S MISSION.

The extreme left of the Army of the Cumberland, from which Corporal Ratigan started to go through the lines, was held only by cavalry and mounted infantry, and these widely separated. There was no regular picket line such as usually exists between armies confronting each other where the different branches of the service are represented in one continuous line. Consequently the corporal had a far better chance to get through than under ordinary circumstances.

Passing over the Pea Vine ridge, he descended the other side sloping to a small stream called Pea Vine creek. It was essential that he slip through between the Union vedettes unseen, for if observed he would be taken for a deserter and either shot or sent in to the headquarters of his regiment. The vedettes were principally on the roads, and the corporal, believing that they would be looking for an enemy on routes over which cavalry could best advance, selected one least advantageous for a horse to follow. Wherever he could find a thick clump of trees or low growth, a knoll, a ravine, indeed anything difficult for a horse to pass, he would go over or through it. Now he would stop to listen for some sound such as a horse is liable to make, and now would crawl on his hands and knees or crawl on his belly over some eminence where, if he should stand upright, his body would make a silhouette against the sky. On crossing a bit of level ground he suddenly heard a horse's "splutter." He was near a clump of bushes in which he lost no time in concealing himself. A cavalryman rode by within 50 feet of him, walking his horse slowly, the butt of his carbine resting on his right leg, and in a position to be used readily. He was patrolling a beat. Ratigan waited till he had gone past, then darted onward to trees which, from their irregular line, he judged grew beside the creek. He was not disappointed and was soon standing in shallow water, resting for a few minutes under a low bank.

Once past the creek he felt that one-half his danger was ended. He had doubtless got beyond the range of his own comrades, and now came a great danger of meeting the Confederate pickets. Leaving the creek, he ascended a slight eminence and made a survey of the surrounding country. All was silent, except that he could hear an occasional sound like a distant burst of laughter, or a shout from the direction of Ringold, in his front. Presently he heard the unmistakable rumble of a train coming from the south.

"It will pass right down there behind that clump of trees and go through the cut," said the corporal. "O! wonder wouldn't it be a good plan to take advantage of its noise when it passes to slip through the outposts. They'll be thinking of the train, and O! can follow in its wake."

He advanced cautiously to the trees beside the track and waited for the train. Presently the headlight of a locomotive shot out from around a curve. The corporal had forgotten that its light would reveal him to the engineer. He crouched down out of sight with a high beating heart, and none too soon, for had he stood where he was the light would have shone directly on him. He waited while the engine puffed slowly by. It was drawing a long train of mixed passenger, cattle and platform cars, every car crowded with troops.

"They're preparin to give us a brush in earnest. Like enough these are reinforcements," muttered the corporal. Ratigan determined to follow the railroad north to Ringold, which he judged to be only a mile distant. The train loaded with Confederate troops having just passed, the guards he might meet would probably not be very suspicious of an enemy. He walked on the track for a short distance, expecting a challenge with every step.

He received one suddenly, just before entering a wood. A man on horseback aimed a carbine at him and gave the customary: "Who comes there?" Ratigan at once threw up his hands, which his challenger could distinctly see, and cried out, "I want ye to take me to Colonel Fitz Hugh."

"What do you want with him?" "Do ye know him?"

"He commands a regiment in our brigade."

Seeing that the corporal held his hands above his head, the man permitted him to draw near. Once here, Ratigan informed him of the nature of his mission and begged him for Colonel Fitz Hugh's sake to send him to Ringold at once. The vedette was convinced from Ratigan's earnestness that he bore a message of importance, and calling his comrades ordered one of them to dismount. Then, taking the precaution to blindfold the stranger, he mounted him, and placing a horseman on either side of him sent the three clattering toward Ringold. It was not a long distance to the town, but all distances, all period of waiting, seemed long to the corporal. Was not the terrible event to take place at sunrise? And now it must be near midnight.

"What is the time?" he asked of his conductors. "Twenty minutes to 11."

"Let's go faster. Colonel Fitz Hugh would be as anxious for me to get on as O! am myself if he knew me errand."

"All right. Let's light out, Pete." And Ratigan felt the motion of a gallop in the horse he rode. And now came a "halt" from a guard and an answer, followed by "Advance and give the countersign." One of the men goes for-

ward for the purpose. Then the party goes on again, but what they pass or where they are going Ratigan knows nothing about. He only knows that they are moving, and that they are not moving fast enough to suit him. Presently they stop, and the corporal can hear one of the men dismount. There is a stroke of a clock evidently from a church spire. He counted, "One, two, three," and on to eleven. "Dismount."

He lost no time in throwing himself from his horse and was led forward. The air became warmer. He must be in an inclosure. The bandage was taken from his eyes.

He was standing in a tent lighted by a candle fixed to the end of a stake driven into the ground. There was but one other person present, a Confederate officer. He was a tall, slender young man, with long black hair, a mustache and goatee, and an eye honest, respect inspiring, and with all the gentleness of a woman's.

"Are ye Colonel Fitz Hugh?" asked the corporal, making a salute as if in presence of an officer of his own side.

"I am."

"O! have a message from yer sister."

Colonel Fitz Hugh turned ashy pale. No one could come to him from her without striking terror into him, for he knew the work in which she was engaged.



"Are ye Colonel Fitz Hugh?"

ed. For months he had lived in dread of her capture. If the messenger had been a citizen or a Confederate soldier, it might not speak so clearly of danger, but coming from a Yankee trooper quick reasoning told him that she had doubtless met with disaster.

"Indeed," was all his reply to the corporal's announcement.

"O! in sorry to inform ye, sir," said the corporal in a voice which he vainly endeavored to keep steady, "that Miss Fitz Hugh, passing under the name of Elizabeth Baggs"—

Fitz Hugh put his hand on Ratigan's arm and stopped him, while he gathered his faculties to bear what he knew was coming.

"Was pursued by a contemptible cur of a Yankee, who deserves to be hanged for chasin a woman?"

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"Was captured and—"

"O God!"

"Condemned to be shot for a spy tomorrow mornin at sunrise."

Fitz Hugh sank back on a camp cot and covered his face with his hands. For a few moments the corporal respected his grief by silence, but time was precious, and he soon continued.

"Thinkin ye might exercise some influence to save her, O! ye come to inform ye of the—disstressin fact."

The last two words were spoken in a broken voice.

"By whose authority?"

Fitz Hugh rose and stood before the corporal. He had nerved himself for whatever was to follow.

"Colonel Mark Maynard, commanding the—th cavalry brigade."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Fitz Hugh, with singular, impressive slowness, "that my sister is at the mercy of Mark Maynard?"

"He is charged with her execution."

Colonel Fitz Hugh shuddered. "That man is my Nemesis," he cried in a voice filled with a kind of despair.

"Tis he that sent me to ye."

"He?"

"The same."

"Does he wish to save my sister?"

"He does."

"Why, then, does he not do so?"

"He can only save her by his own disgrace. Yer sister will not accept the sacrifice."

"A true Fitz Hugh," said the brother proudly.

"Then Miss Fitz Hugh suggested that he might send me to inform ye of the situation, that ye might have opportunity to use any influence ye would consider wise and honorable to secure a reprieve."

Fitz Hugh thought earnestly with his head bowed, his eyes fixed on a spot on the ground.

"There is nothing that I can do," he said at last. "Threatened retaliation is the only recourse, and that could not be effected under the circumstances without implicating Colonel Maynard."

"Then ye see no way open?" asked the corporal despondently.

"It is impossible for me to act intelligently alone. If I could see Colonel Maynard, perhaps together we might hit upon a plan."

"Would ye meet him between the lines?"

"There is not sufficient time."

"There's five or six hours."

Fitz Hugh stood pondering for a few moments without reply. Then, suddenly starting up, he said:

"Go tell Colonel Maynard that I will meet him as ye suggest. Let the point of rendezvous be—let me see—where do you consider a feasible point? You have just come through."

"O! would name the bank of the creek at a point due west of this."

"How long a time will be required before the meeting can take place? It is now a little after 11."

"It may be an hour; it may be longer. If ye will be there, colonel, at 12 o'clock, we'll meet ye as soon after as possible."

"You will find me there at 12."

"It would be well, colonel, to concert a signal by which each should know the other."

"Suggest one."

"O! I'll doubtless be with Colonel Maynard. O! I'll cry 'Oireland,' and ye can respond!"

"To the rescue."

Colonel Fitz Hugh called to those waiting outside, who had brought in Corporal Ratigan and directed them to blindfold him and take him to the Federal lines, and, if possible, insure his getting through without injury. They were to report the result to him in any event.

Ratigan knew nothing but the gallop of the horse on which he sat, with a handkerchief about his eyes, until the party conducting him drew rein and he was directed to dismount. Then he was asked if he would be escorted to a Union vedette known to be on a road leading around the north end of the ridge or whether he would go alone.

"O! I'll go alone," he said. "If ye go with me, they'll think it a midnight attack."

Starting forward, the corporal trudged over a short distance between him and the vedette. As he drew near he began to sing a few lines from a play popular at the time.

Thin's the boys  
What makes a noise,  
Is the l'y'al artillerie.

"Who comes there?" cried the vedette, cocking his piece as Ratigan came in sight.

"Friend with the countersign, to be sure! Who d'ye suppose?"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," called the man. He was a good deal puzzled at hearing the Irish brogue coming from that direction, but it reassured him. He did not have much fear of an enemy unless it were a trap to get him at a disadvantage. Ratigan drew near and whispered, "Carnifax Ferry."

"What are you doing out there?" queried the man.

"Lookin out for trains bringin in troops. One came in half an hour ago loaded."

"You don't mean it! Guess they're getting in re-enforcements."

"I believe ye, me boy."

Ratigan walked on toward the camp till he got out of sight of the vedette. Then he ran till he dropped breathless in Colonel Maynard's tent.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
A STRANGE MEETING.

Ratigan was so exhausted as to be only able to give Maynard a few detached sentences, conveying some idea as to what he had accomplished. There was little that it was essential should be told except that Colonel Fitz Hugh would meet him between the lines as soon as he could get there. Casting a glance at his watch, Maynard noticed that it was 20 minutes to 12. The distance to the point of rendezvous, as near as they could estimate it, was two miles. Every minute was precious. It would be midnight before they could meet, and then they would only have about six hours in which to take measures to secure a reprieve. They could only do so by communicating with general headquarters, some 15 miles away. In any event the case was desperate. However, Maynard had been used in his scouting days to sudden transitions and had himself escaped from prison on the very night before his intended execution. Calling his striker, he bade him saddle Madge, who, he knew, could carry him over the ground at no laggard pace, and, ordering a mount for the corporal at the same time, the two waited impatiently till both animals were led up before the tent.

Mounting, they began to climb the Pea Vine ridge. Ratigan, who had been over the ground, led the way. They reached the top of the ridge, and the corporal pointed out the position on the creek, due west of Ringold, where they were to meet Colonel Fitz Hugh. Descending the slope, they came upon a Union vedette and were challenged with the usual words, "Who comes there?"

"The colonel commanding, with an orderly, inspecting vedettes."

They were advanced, gave the countersign and passed on. Taking a route between two roads and meeting no more guards, they cautiously approached the place of rendezvous.

On reaching the bank of the creek they descended it, the corporal riding ahead and peering through the darkness to discover what they were looking for. Presently the dark figure of a horseman emerged from a clump of trees on the opposite bank and rode forward toward the creek. Ratigan saw him, and, believing him to be some one in attendance upon Colonel Fitz Hugh, called:

"Oireland."

"To the rescue," called the man in a low voice, and rode up to the margin of the creek.

The two men arranged that Colonel Fitz Hugh and Colonel Maynard should advance to the respective places they themselves occupied as soon as they had withdrawn. Then, wheeling, each rode back to his principal, and in a few moments more the Union and Confederate officers faced each other from opposite banks of the creek. The distance between them at this point was but a few yards, and the night was not so dark but that they could plainly see each other. The equestrian figures stood silent, each waiting for the other to speak. The only sound came from the gurgling of the stream which flowed between them.

"You are Colonel Fitz Hugh, I believe," said Maynard.

"I am. I recognize Colonel Maynard's voice."

"I heard yours last on a certain evening a year ago—an evening memorable to both of us. Then you gave me my life, and by doing so placed yourself in a position to be shot for a traitor to your cause."

"Not for your sake, colonel—for the sake of another."

"It matters not for whose sake; the act remains. Once before you spared

me when you found me under a roof which covered"—

"Then I respected the laws of hospitality, sacred in the south. Let us not dwell on these matters, colonel. Let us proceed with that upon which we have met for consultation."

"You are right. Time presses. Your sister stands convicted of the same offense as mine at the time of which we have been speaking and sentenced to die at sunrise. We meet to concert a method to save her."

"At my request. But any proposition must come from you, Colonel Maynard. I am unfamiliar with the feeling on the part of those in power in the Federal army as to executing a sentence of death upon a woman."

"Circumstances which I cannot explain, for they pertain to the situation in which these two armies are placed, render the feeling against your sister very severe."

"You have suggested my exerting influence from our side?"

"It was your sister who suggested it. I have little faith in it."

"What did you propose?"

"That which your sister would not accept."

"And that was?"

Maynard whispered in a strange, savage tone:

"To use my authority as commanding the brigade charged with her keeping to place her within your lines."

"And now?"

"I listen for some suggestion from you."

"I can think of none except, with your permission, to enter a protest over the signature of our commanding officers of highest rank."

"It would avail nothing."

"Then there is nothing to save her from this sacrifice, which, though she has always been prepared for it, and doubtless will now meet it, like the remarkable woman she is, with becoming fortitude, is still hard for those of us who love and respect her to bear. We will revere her memory as a martyr."

During this dialogue each man sat on his horse without any movement and spoke in measured, formal, automatic tones. Maynard's words were quicker than Fitz Hugh's, who held to the slower fashion of speaking, common in the south. After the last sentence spoken by Fitz Hugh there was a long silence. They had met for a purpose. Their meeting was a failure.

It seemed to both that they could hear their watches ticking away the seconds that lay between Caroline Fitz Hugh and death. Neither knew the agony suffered by the other unless he judged that other by himself. Neither had the heart to terminate the interview, though both knew that it was fruitless. A night bird set up a dismal cry. It seemed a deathknell.

Then Maynard broke the silence.

"Colonel," he said in a set voice, "remain here or meet me here at any time after an hour. It may be the small hours of the morning. It will be, if at all, before sunrise."

"What do you propose to do?"

"What I propose to do neither you nor your sister shall know till it has been accomplished."

"I will remain here or near by, and at 1 o'clock you will find me where I now am."

"Adieu," cried Maynard as he turned his horse's head and galloped away.

"Adieu," replied Fitz Hugh in the stately tone to which he was accustomed, and raised his hat as politely as if he were saluting in a ballroom.

Fitz Hugh rejoined his companion and rode away in the direction of Ringold, and Maynard, followed by Ratigan, started back toward their camp. Maynard's brain was in a fever. Time had been expended to no gain. The small hours were coming on, and only six of them would pass before the event he so much dreaded would take place. He had formed his resolve. Whether wise or foolish, right or wrong, practical or impossible, his resolution was taken. Once determined upon his course he spurred his horse on without thought of obstacle. Turning from the rough ground on which he rode, he was about to take the road, on which he might get on faster, when he was suddenly startled by the firing of a bullet and the sound that came with it. The shot rang close to his ear, almost brushing his temple.

Knowing that he had by his carelessness suddenly come upon a Union vedette he called out:

"Cease firing! Friends!"

In answer to a call to advance Ratigan rode forward and found a vedette, who had mistaken them for an enemy. On making themselves known they were suffered to pass on, and Maynard, feeling that he was too incautious to lead, gave way to Ratigan. They proceeded on their way with more caution and passed through a gap in the ridge leading to Reed's bridge.

The good footing of the road enabled them, after getting well into their lines, to proceed rapidly. After they had passed the ridge they left the road and turned northward. Soon after they reached camp.

CHAPTER XIX.  
IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Once inside his tent Colonel Maynard said:

"Corporal, I want you to get me the uniform of a private soldier. You must do so without exciting suspicion."

"O! don't know how O!'ll do it, colonel, without goin back to me own camp."

"I fear that will take too long. Can't you steal one from one of the tents near by?"

"O! might be able to do it, and O! might spend the whole night tryin. O! can get one at me camp certain."

"I would take your jacket, but I want your assistance. There's no other way but for you to go to your camp."

"Colonel, O!'ll ride hard."

"Ride, and remember that every moment is worth years at any other time."

Ratigan lost no time in mounting and was soon galloping on his way. Once

out of the camp from which he started he found no guards to pass and was able to drive his horse to the utmost. The night before he had chased the woman whom he had then known as Betsy Baggs in a mad race to capture her. Now he was tearing along in a mad race to save her from the consequences of his capture. Past woods and waters flew the corporal, over bridges and hills, through hollows and rivulets, till he came to his own camp. There he at once sought the quarters of Private Flanagan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**HOW MANY HANDS**

do you suppose dip into that bulk coffee before you buy it?

**Lion Coffee**

comes in sealed, airtight packages; no chance for handling, or dirt or things to get in.

Clean, Fresh and Fragrant.

Unconscious From Croup.

During a sudden and terrible attack of croup our little girl was unconscious from strangulation, says A. L. Spafford, postmaster, Chester, Mich., and a dose of One Minute Cough Cure was administered and repeated often. It reduced the swelling and inflammation, cut the mucus and shortly the child was resting easy and speedily recovered. It cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, and all Throat and Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure lingers in the throat and chest and enables the lungs to contribute pure, health-giving oxygen to the blood. For sale by East End Drug Co.

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to sell PRINTERS' INK, a journal for advertisers, published weekly at five dollars a year. It teaches the science and practice of Advertising, and is highly esteemed by the most successful advertisers in this country and Great Britain. Liberal commission allowed. Address

PRINTERS' INK,  
10 Spruce St., New York.

## Necessary Expenses for Twelve Weeks' School.

Persons who board themselves can spend a much or little as they choose on living expenses. It pays to have a little extra money for lectures, books, and other things. But the necessary expenses are only as follows:

	HOWARD	LADIES
School (Incidental Fee . . .)	\$4.50	\$4.50
Ex- (Hospital Fee . . .)	25	25
penses (Books, etc., about . . .)	2.00	2.00
(General Deposit . . .)	1.00	1.00
Furnished Room, fuel . . .	4.25	5.25
First Month's Board . . .	5.00	5.00
Living (To pay during the term:)	17.00	18.00
Ex- Laundry . . .	1.50	
penses Beginning 2d Mo., Board 5.00	5.00	
Beginning 3d Mo., Board 5.00	5.00	
	28.50	28.00
Gen'l Deposit returned . . .	1.00	1.00

Total Expense, 12 Weeks. 27.50 27.00

For those below A Grammar deduct the \$2 for books, and \$1 for incidental fee, making the total only \$24.50.

When four girls room together each saves \$2 or more on room and fuel, making the total, only \$22.50, if classed below A Grammar.

Room and fuel cost one dollar more in the Winter term.

Two rooms for housekeeping, with stores, etc., can usually be rented for from \$4 to \$6 a term.

The price of a big calf, a little tan-bark, or a few home-spun bed-covers, will give a term of school which will change one's whole life for the better!

## Will Make Affidavit

New Lease of Life for an Iowa Postmaster.

Postmaster R. H. Randall, Dunlap, Ia., says: I suffered from indigestion and resulting evils for years. Finally I tried Kodol. I soon knew I had found what I had long looked for. I am better today than in years. Kodol gave me a new lease of life. Anyone can have my affidavit to the truth of this statement. Kodol digests your food. This enables the system to assimilate supplies, strengthening every organ and restoring health.



## LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Norman Frost is on the sick list this week.

W. H. Porter, of the Berea bank, was in Richmond Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Hettie W. Graham returned Friday from a month's visit with her mother in New York, bringing her son Ronald with her.

J. S. Ewen, Albert Welch and Maggie Norton, of Stanton, Powell county, are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Johnson.

Mr. Alex. Burnam, Sr., and Miss Malinda Terril were married this week at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. T. R. Reed performed the ceremony.

Dr. John Larry, president of Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., accompanied by his daughter, is spending a few days in Berea.

John G. Pasco, formerly an employee at the printing office here, but now in the employ of F. O. Scholinger, Columbus, O., is visiting in Berea after an absence of four years.

H. F. Aulick, a former pastor of the Baptist church here, but now attending the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, has returned to Berea for a ten days' visit, and is supplying the pulpit at the Baptist church during his stay.

Prof. and Mrs. Jones entertained at dinner Tuesday evening Dr. and Miss Larry, Mrs. Bowman, Miss Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Spencer, all of whom either are or have been connected with Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

Miss Belle Bennett, of Richmond, and Dr. Hammond, secretary of the Board of Missions of the M. E. church (south) and Mrs. Mac Donnel, secretary Women's Missionary Board, M. E. church (south), of Nashville, Tenn., spent Thursday in Berea. They made a tour of the College buildings during the day.

The Howard W. Pope evangelistic meetings will begin Wednesday, Feb. 4, at the Tabernacle. A workers' conference has been arranged for Friday, Feb. 6, to which all ministers and Sunday-school workers in this and surrounding counties are cordially invited. Free entertainment will be provided.

The following are the new subscribers to THE CITIZEN for this week: Miss Cora Brown, Miss Louise Pileher, Berea; Rev. C. Rexford Raymond, Bellevue, O.; Mrs. C. W. Osborne, Painesville, O.; John G. Pasco, Columbus, O.; Mr. Geo. H. Smith, Ravenna, O.; Renewals: W. H. Hart, Fairland, Ill.; Mason Anglin, Disputanta; W. A. Todd, Paint Lick; J. G. Clark, J. J. Griffin and Reuben Kerby, Berea.

## COLLEGE ITEMS.

Burritt Fee has returned to school after having safely passed through an attack of typhoid fever.

It may not be known that Mr. G. T. Spencer, the experienced brick and stone layer, has instructed a number of College apprentices in brick laying and that there is an opportunity for a number of others to learn this trade so as to be ready to work on the new College chapel when work is begun.

A series of department socials were held this week at the Parish House at which unique amusements were provided and light refreshments served. Wednesday night the men ranging in Howard Hall were the guests, and the members of the Endeavor society host and hostess. The boys of other dormitories were entertained Saturday night, and the girls of Ladies Hall and Gilbert Cottage Monday night by the ladies of the Union church.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MADISON COUNTY.

## OREYFUS.

Mr. Wm. Coyle and wife, of Clover Bottom, visited Mr. W. B. Baker last week. Miss Berta Holland gave the young folks a social Friday night and quite an enjoyable time was had. Mr. J. R. Baker is visiting at Clover Bottom this week. Mrs. Joseph Riddell of Red House, formally of this place, was buried at Kindred graveyard last Wednesday. Mr. Shelburn Winkler contemplates moving to Berea soon. Mr. Luther Kimberlain, of Kerby Knob, has purchased a farm of Mr. Frank Winkler, and will move soon. Miss Dora Bengo was visiting at Big Hill last week. Mr. J. C. Powell has just re-

turned from Jackson Co., where he has been buying cattle. Miss Cynthia Sandlin has returned from Estill Co., where she has been visiting sometime. Miss Pearl McKinn is very low with consumption. Mr. James Hubbard has moved into his new residence on Big Hill pike.

## HICKORY PLAINS.

John Jackson began writing school last Monday with 17 pupils. Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson visited Mrs. Mary Mullens of Berea Monday. Mr. Geo. Bengo of Owsley Fork visited Hickory Plains Sunday School Sunday. Mrs. C. I. Baker is slowly improving, also her step son Elgin, who broke his leg a few days ago. Mr. Jessie Kinnard and mother spent Sunday evening at Mrs. Mary Burdett's. Miss Mollie Johnson spent Friday with her aunt, Mrs. Bose Moore. Mr. Richard Johnson of Ill. has written to his parents of his marriage to Miss Blanche Hart of Villa Grove, Ill., also says they are visiting their cousin at Troy, Iowa. Mr. S. B. Gooch, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Daniel Maupin, left Tuesday night for Danville, Ill. Mr. Jas. Adams has been in Richmond during the past week on business.

## OWSLEY COUNTY.

## ISLAND CITY.

Circuit court is now in session, and cases are being disposed of quietly. Uncle Wm. Moore has purchased A. J. Bowman's property and Mr. Bowman is now in Kelleyville, Indian Territory, looking for a new location for a home. Wm. Bowman has sold out to Robert Morris and gone to Indian Territory. Brack McGeorge has bought out C. C. Bowman and has taken possession. A force of hands is still busy getting out railroad ties for Wilson & Perkins. Jasper Burch is hauling out ties for Morton. A meeting was held at Spirey last Sunday with a good attendance. The prospects for finding oil in this vicinity are fine. Benny White has gone to the Territory. S. S. Peters sold a span of mules for \$200.00. Dave Chad is helping Dick Banks clear a tract of land where Mr. Banks expects to put in a crop in the spring.

## ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

## ROCKFORD.

Walter Gadd has purchased the Cain property on Todd Branch, and has moved there. Master Dan McCollum, of Boone, called on John Stephens last Saturday night. E. Owen, of Berea, was here on business last week. J. C. Guinn, of Scaffold Cane, was at H. C. Rowlett's on business Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Cook, Jr., went to Berea last week. W. H. Stephens was at Wallaceton Friday on business. Waddle & Martin have sold their sawmill to Joe Lambert. Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Payne on the 24th, a fine boy. Milt McGuire, of Crooked Creek, called on friends here Sunday. There was service at Macedonia Baptist church last Saturday and Sunday conducted by Rev. J. W. Lambert.

## GARRARD COUNTY.

## CARTERSVILLE.

Mr. John Lowder and wife have moved to Cartersville. Mr. Dan Ledford, of Cartersville, is teaching a ten day's writing school at Wood's View. Rev. Murrell filled Rev. Terrill's appointment here Sunday. Mr. Moberly is very sick at this writing. Sam Davis, son of John Davis, has the malarial fever.

## MASON COUNTY.

## MAYSVILLE.

Mr. Bert Gordon, of Chicago, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gordon. Miss Julia Young was not able to discharge her duty as teacher of the grammar grade during the past week. Prof. Harris taught her pupils. Rev. Talbott has returned from Wilberforce, O., where he was called on business. During his absence, Rev. O. A. Nelson preached for him. Those who listened to Rev. Porter Sunday morning enjoyed an interesting sermon. The Bethel members may congratulate themselves on having Rev. Porter as their pastor as he is a very able man. Mr. John Hancock has returned to Atlantic City, N. J. Mrs. Polly Walker, who fell and broke her leg some time ago, is doing nicely. Mr. John Hayes has returned home after having been gone for nearly a year. His wife and friends were glad to see him. Mr. William Brooks and Mrs. Mary Young, of East Fourth street, married recently.

## A SONG WITHOUT WORDS

"Father," said Betty, "please don't hurry home. It is not a bit late yet nor dark, and I want to see Flossy and Clover coming up from the meadow. This is such a comfortable stile. Do lean on it."

Betty's father looked out across the meadow and the brook into the shining silver sky and then down at his little girl.

"It is a delightful stile, Betty, and very tempting, but somehow I have never liked looking over at the Red House since the widow came there."

"Father, I thought the Red House was empty?"

"Did you, dear? No. The widow lives there alone now. At least she has her children to comfort her, but they are very young, and she is sad, Betty."

"How many children has she, father?"

"Five, I think. I have an idea that one met with a violent death just after its poor father, but I have not asked her. I did not like to speak to her about it, although sometimes I have had the audacity to peep between the chinks of her curtain and see the little heads clustering round her."

Betty was making a slow calculation in her own mind.

"Five! That's like us, father. May we get to know the children? Even if they are very, very sad about their father, they might like to have us to tea."

"Yes, dear, but it must be the other way round. They must have tea with you, for they are very poor, and I don't think my hungry daughters would appreciate their teas. Their father worked hard and was very provident, and often and often I have watched him going home after nightfall laden with food for his wife and little ones. But now it is so different! The little widow works night and day and denies herself even the necessities of life, but it is a hard thing for her, Betty, to satisfy and tend and nurse her growing family."

Betty's blue eyes were soft and misty with tears.

"Oh, father, how terrible it sounds! Do let us help them, the poor widow and her little children. I will give them some of my breakfast every day and my tea. Poor, poor widow!"

"You must not imagine she is discontented because she is sad, Betty. She is a brave little soul, and I have heard her singing to her little ones when I am sure her heart was very heavy. I was glad to hear her, because it made me think that she was getting over her loss."

"How did her husband die, father?"

"He died a violent death."

Betty looked round fearfully and then grasped her father's hand.

"Murdered! Oh, father, how horrible! Surely it can't be true! Nurse would have told us. She always tells us horrors when she is doing our hair."

"All the same, it is true, Betty, although nurse may not have heard it. He was shot down on his way home as he was traveling slowly in the cool of the evening. The poor little wife was looking out for him, and she saw it all. The cruel gun, the ambushed enemy, the brave effort he made to get home, the struggle, the fall and then—the end! Betty, I shall never forget the pitifulness of it—the cries of the desolate wife, the clamor of the children. I was over the stile—this stile—in a moment, and I carried him home and laid him out stiffly on the seat under the yew tree. I meant to bury him in the early morning, but when I came again he was gone."

"Father!" interrupted Betty. "You are making it up. I know you wouldn't talk to me like that about any real murder. Oh, father, is it really and truly true?"

"Yes; it is quite true."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Betty, with flushed cheeks. "It is true in a way, but not as I mean. It is not a man at all; just an animal or a bird. Oh, I guess all the story now. It is that little brown wren that Cyril shot the first day of the holidays."

"Well, Betty?"

"I knew you were sorry, father, although you did not say anything."

"And what was the good of saying anything, I should like to know, when Cyril was back in his own room, practicing with his air gun to see how many more murders he could commit with impunity?"

"He didn't mean it to be a murder, father. Tell me more about her."

"About the little brown wren?"

"But call her the widow, father. It sounds so much more sad."

"Well, the widow was just what I told you, Betty; just as patient and brave and tender hearted, and if you care to clamber over the stile and climb to the first branch of the ash tree you can peep between the chinks of her curtain and watch her cuddling her babies and singing her song without words."

"Cyril never thought of it like that, father," said Betty. "He just likes a target to shoot at. If I tell him the story of the wren, father, and call her the widow, as you do, I don't believe he will ever shoot at the birds again. Cyril has a very kind heart, really."

"Well, you can try, Betty," said her father.

"Not pot at the wrens, Betty?" said Cyril when she told him. "Oh, of course not if father would rather I didn't. It does seem rather beastly if you look at it from the wren's point of view. And they do make a horrid noise. But I must have a target of some kind, so you might fix me up a bottle over the gate. I assure you I would much rather have a bottle."—G. R. Glasgow.

## A STAR PERFORMER.

How Dorothy Played "Dolly's Lullaby" and Taught Tom a Lesson.

At the last minute the star pupil did not appear, and Miss Garland was in despair, for she had no one to take her place. The guests were all there, and it was already 8 o'clock, the time stated for the commencement of the musicale. Then she caught sight of a little face down among the guests. It belonged to Dorothy Madder, her youngest pupil, sitting between her mother and father. A happy thought struck Miss Garland, and although she had not intended to have the little girl play, she sent Tom McGinnis to get her. Tom was the boy who had been hired to serve the refreshments after the musicale. He made his way to Dorothy and said:

"Say, sissy, Miss Garland says will you come and play that 'ere 'Dolly's Lullaby' or some such truck to help her out? I guess she thinks Miss Mary's gone up a spout."

Dorothy looked at the boy primly.

"Little boy, that's slang, and you know I don't like slang."

"Deed, sissy!"

"Don't interrupt. Papa, shall I play the 'Dolly's Lullaby'?"

"Yes, Dorothy, if you think you know it well enough."

"Oh, of course I do. Don't I, mamma? Yes, little boy. You may tell Miss Garland I will play. Papa, you may 'scort me to her. I might let the little boy if he didn't talk slang."

Tom giggled as he went away. He was nine years older than Dorothy, and it amused him very much to have her call him "little boy."

Dorothy took her father's hand and went behind the screen, where Miss Garland awaited her.

"You won't be frightened, will you, darling?" she asked the little girl.

"Deed not, Mamma has heard me play before, and I'm not a bit afraid."

Miss Garland smiled.

"Well, do your best, that's all. I never can forgive Mary for going back on me this way."

"Maybe she has the toothache," suggested Dorothy.

"Well, maybe."

Miss Garland offered to sit beside Dorothy while she played, but the young lady declined. She walked boldly out on the platform, but when she saw the crowd of faces she exclaimed innocently:

"Why, you look lots more from here!"

The people laughed, and Dorothy made a quaint little bow and sat down at the piano. She played the little piece with ease, probably with more ease than an older and more nervous child would have done.

When the refreshments were served, Dorothy sat close to her mother, for now that it was all over she was a little bashful. And well she might be, for all these strange people whom she had never seen before came to get her, to bring an unusually good piece of cake or to pick out the best bonbons for the little queen of the musicale, as indeed she was. Tom selected the prettiest plate for Dorothy's ice cream, and when he took it to her he whispered:

"You was all right, sissy, and I'm sorry if I hurt your feelin's by talkin' slang."—Jessie Wilcox in Brooklyn Eagle.

## How Cranston Saved His Brother.

A ten-year-old boy at Arvada, Colo., recently displayed an act of heroism and devotion to his brother that entitles him to almost any honor that may be paid him.

Two little sons of Rev. J. R. Rader, aged ten and five, were walking up the track of the electric road and were crossing a cattle guard when the little fellow caught a foot between the bars. Every one knows how the cars are speeded over the Arvada line, like a railroad express at times. Soon the boys heard a car coming at the rate of perhaps fifty miles an hour.

The foot was wedged in so fast that their combined strength was not enough to release it, although they tugged and strained. Then the eldest boy,



CRANSTON AND MILES RADER.

whose name is Cranston, started down the track toward the car and began to wave his hands and shout. Motoneers became very much accustomed to little boys doing that sort of thing and then jumping aside before the car strikes them, so they do not pay much attention to them. This little boy did not intend to leave the track, although the motoneer blew his air whistle and shouted to him. The motoneer finally realized in time that something was wrong and got the car stopped within a few inches of the boy. The little Cranston declares that he would have let himself be run down before he would have let the car pass him and strike his younger brother, Miles.

The motoneer went to the assistance of the younger brother and had to remove the shoe before the foot could be released.—American Boy.

## THE MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY  
A. G. NORMAN & CO.,  
CINCINNATI, January 28.

CATTLE—Common.....	\$2.00 @	\$3.00
Butchers.....	3.15 @	4.10
Shippers.....	4.00 @	4.75
Calves—Choice.....	4.00 @	5.00
Large Common.....	4.50 @	5.50
Hogs—Common.....	5.50 @	6.50
Fair, good light.....	6.20 @	6.75
Packing.....	6.60 @	6.75
Sheep—Good to choice.....	3.75 @	4.15
Common to fair.....	2.25 @	3.65
LAMBS—Good to choice.....	5.35 @	5.65
Common to fair.....	4.00 @	5.25

WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	80 @	80 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	48 @	49
OATS—No. 2.....	38 1/2 @	39
RYE—No. 2.....	57 1/2 @	57 1/2
Flour—Winter patent.....	3.70 @	3.95
" " fancy.....	3.30 @	3.50
" " Family.....	2.95 @	3.15
MILL FEED.....	18.00 @	20.00
HAY—No. 1 Timothy.....	16.50 @	17.00
" No. 2.....	15.00 @	15.50
" No. 1 Clover.....	12.50 @	13.00
" No. 2.....	11.00 @	11.50

POULTRY—		
Young chickens.....	11	
Heavy hens.....	10	
Roosters.....	5	
Turkey.....	15	
Ducks.....	13	
Eggs—Fresh near by.....	21 @	23

HIDES—Wet salted.....	7 1/2	
" No. 1 dry salt.....	9	
" Bull.....	7 1/2	
" Sheep skins.....	50 @	70
TALLOW—Prime city.....	6 1/2 @	6 1/2
" Country.....	6 @	6 1/2



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This harness will wear out but it won't break out.

Double Wagon Harness \$15.00 and up.

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Richmond, Ky.

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## LOUISVILLE &amp; NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

## Time Table in Effect Nov. 16, 1902.

Going North. Train 4, Daily. Leave Berea..... 3:24 a. m. Arrive Richmond..... 5:52 a. m. Arrive Paris..... 5:05 a. m. Arrive Cincinnati..... 7:30 a. m.

Going South. Train 6, Daily. Leave Berea..... 11:39 a. m. Arrive Richmond..... 12:10 a. m. Arrive Paris..... 3:18 p. m. Arrive Cincinnati..... 6:00 p. m.

Going South. Train 5, Daily. Leave Berea..... 11:30 p. m. Arrive Livingston..... 12:30 a. m.

Trains No. 1 and No. 5 make connection at Livingston for Jellico and the South with No. 24 and No. 27.

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